

If you wish to obtain a song that will please everybody, send for a copy of
 - THE - **That Little Black Mustache.** -
 by Charles M. by

AMES SERIES OF
 STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA
 NO. 111.

YANKEE DUELIST.

BY

... ..
 PUBLISHER

... .. CALL PUBLISHED PLAYS

EVERETT WALTZ, by Reynolds, for Piano or Organ, 25 cts. by mail

AMES' SERIES OF ACTING PLAYS.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS EACH. — CATALOGUES FREE.

NO.		M.	P.
12	A Capital Match, farce, 1 act, by J. M. Morton	3	2
30	A Day Well Spent, farce, 1 act, by John Oxenford	7	5
2	A Desperate Game, comic drama, 1 act, by Morton	3	2
75	Adrift, temp drama, 3 acts, by C. W. Beacock, M. P.	6	4
80	Alarming Suspicious, comedietta, 1 act, J. P. Simpson	4	3
39	A Life's Revenge, drama, 3 acts, by W. H. Sater	7	5
78	An Awful Criminal, farce, 1 act, by J. Polgrave Simpson ..	3	3
15	An Unhappy Pair, ethiop'n farce, 1 act, by W. H. Griffin ..	1	1
65	An Unwelcome Return, com' mtd, 1 act, by Geo. A. Munson ..	3	1
31	A Pet of the Public, farce, 1 act, by Edward Sterling	4	2
21	A Romantic Attachment, com' mtd, 1 act, by Arthur Wood ..	3	3
43	Arrah-De-Baugh, drama, 5 acts, by F. C. K. Goodman	7	5
73	At Last, temperance drama, 3 acts, by G. C. Vautrot	7	1
20	A Ticket of Leave, farce, 1 act, by Watts Phillips	3	2
100	Aurora Floyd, drama, 2 act, by W. E. Sater	7	3
89	Beauty of Lyons, dom drama, 3 acts, by W. T. Moncreiff ..	11	2
8	Better Half, comedietta, 1 act, by F. J. Williams	5	2
98	Black Statue, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by C. W. Tilton	3	2
113	Bill Detrick, melo drama, 4 acts, by A. N. Weston Foster ..	6	4
86	Black vs White, farce, 1 act, by Geo. S. Vautrot	4	2
14	Brigands of Calabria, com drama, 1 act, W. E. Sater	6	1
22	Captain Smith, farce, 1 act, by E. Barnard	3	3
84	Check will Win, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Sater	3	0
49	Der two Surprises, dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clayton ..	1	1
72	Dence is in Him, farce, 1 act, by R. J. Rayner	5	1
19	Did I Dream it? farce, 1 act, by A. P. Woodson	4	3
42	Domestic Fidelity, farce, 1 act, by Harry G. Lamborn	1	1
60	Driven to the Wall, play, 4 acts, by A. D. Ames	10	3
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend, ethiopian farce,	12	0
13	Give me my Wife, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Sater	3	3
117	Had Hazard, military drama, 4 acts, by Alfred A. Wyllys ..	1	1
50	Hamlet, tragedy, 5 acts, by Shakespeare	15	3
24	Handy Andy, ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	0
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P., dutch farce, 1 act, by F. L. Clayton ..	1	1
116	Hash, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri W.	4	2
52	Henry Grunden, drama, 3 acts, by Frank Lloyd	11	8
17	Hints on Elusion and how to become a Actor		
103	How Sister P. got Child Bentzen, ethiopian farce,	2	1
76	How He Did It, comic drama, 1 act, by J. P. Simpson		
74	How to tame Mother and W. farce, 1 act, by J. P. Simpson ..	14	2
35	How Stout Y'all're Getting, farce, 1 act, by J. P. Simpson ..	2	2
26	Hunter of the Alps, drama, 1 act, by W. H. Griffin	4	4
47	In the Wrong Box, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. N. Weston ..		
95	In the Wrong Clothes, farce, 1 act	9	9
77	Joe's Visit, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. P. Woodson	1	1
11	John Smith, farce, 1 act, by W. H. Griffin	1	1
99	Jimbo Jim, farce, 1 act	4	4
82	Killing Time, farce, 1 act	1	1
9	Lady Audley's Secret, drama, 2 acts, by W. E. Sater	4	4
3	Lady of Lyons, drama, 3 acts, by J. P. Simpson	2	0
104	Lost, temperance drama, 3 acts, by F. L. Clayton	2	2
106	Lozings for Two, comic sketch, 1 act, by F. L. Clayton	13	0

207 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 208

THE YANKEE DUELIST,

AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

—BY—

A. NEWTON FIELD,

—AUTHOR OF—

Twain's Dodging; School; Those Awful Boys; Other People's Children;
Reverses; The New Magdalen; Bill Detrick;
The Pop-Corn Man; etc., etc.

—2x2—

Printed from the author's original manuscript.

—2x2—

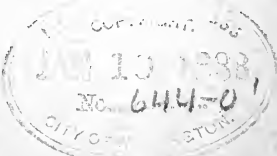
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITION OF PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, ENTRANCES
AND EXITS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the principal American and English Theatres.

=|=

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1882, by
A. D. AMES,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

=|=



—† CLYDE, OHIO, †—
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

THE YANKEE DUELIST.

—x—

PS 635
29 F45 35

— CAST OF CHARACTERS —

—2—

As first performed at Clyde, Ohio, Thursday evening, December 29, 1881,
under the management of the author.

Elam Pancake,.....	Alf. N. Field.
Mr. Weatherton,.....(a landlord).....	W. H. Arkn.
Amanda,(his niece).....	Allie B. Field.
Homer,	Louis Hocke, jr.

—x—

Costumes Modern.

—x—

—PROPERTIES.—

—x—

Brace Pistols, Satchel, Cane, 2 Letters, Bottle and Glass, Large Hotel
Register, Table, Two Chairs, Dinner Bell.

—x | x—

Time of representative—30 minutes.

~~MP 92-008112~~

The Yankee Duelist.

—x—

SCENE I.—Street.

Enter Mr. Weatherton, L.

Mr W. (as he enters) Look after the trunks and boxes, Homer, and get them in as soon as possible.

Amanda. (outside) Yes. And Homer, that band-box is mine, and that shawl, and those two small trunks, and that large one, and you must be sure and not get any of those small boxes broken, for my best seaside hat is in that one, and those little boxes are full of my French candies, be careful of them. Do you hear.

Enter Amanda, L.

Aman. Oh dear, one's baggage destroys the pleasure of traveling. Don't it, uncle?

Mr W. Yes it does, and thank heaven we are at home again. But do you know, Amanda, I enjoyed my stay at the little village of Stillwater better than I did our visit to either Lake George or Saratoga!

Aman. Oh, yes, it was very well for you men who had your fishing and billiards, and horses, but for poor me, the time would have been very heavily on my hands if it hadn't been for the comic stories of that Yankee relic seeker.

Mr W. Yes, confound him and revolutionary flint lock, that he picked up on the battlefield of Bemis Heights. Why he was always guessing. He guessed at the number of bushels of oats in that field, and the probable amount of corn in this one; guessed at the water power of the Hudson river. In fact he was eternally and infernally guessing.

Aman. Yes, and uncle, he made another guess one day when you were away!

Mr W. He did. And what was that?

Aman. Why, he guessed that he loved me.

Mr W. Well I always thought the fellow was a fool.

Aman. Oh, no indeed, he was no such thing.

Mr W. Its good for him that I wasn't there!

Aman. Oh, indeed, it would have done you no good, for he 'ain't a bit afraid of you. Why one day he said to: "Miss Amanda, don't you think your uncle a little bit stuck up and starchy?"

Mr W. (in a passion) Starchy indeed. Pooh! pooh! But thank heaven we have got rid of him at last. When I was buying our tickets at the steamboat office he came rushing through the crowd and said to me "Going down the river?" said he. That is none of your business, said I. "Maby it 'ain't, but where is the gal?" said he. She is in her state room, I suppose, I said. With that he rushed through the crowd and I haven't seen him since, and hope to heaven I never shall see him again.

Aman. Don't be to sure of that, uncle, for he knows you keep this hotel. And who knows but he may come down and pay you a visit!

Mr W. Well! well! Don't you be anticipating evil, but go to your room and get yourself ready for dinner.

Aman. Very well, uncle, I will wait for you in the breakfast room.

(*exit, R.*)

Mr W. (*looking at watch*) Let me see, ten and one-half, time to shave and clean myself up, and look over the books to see how much money the clerks have knocked down during my absence.

Elam. (*outside L.*) Get out, yu tarnal critter. I can carry up my own baggage as well as yu ken. (*walks on hurriedly, runs against Mr. W., lets satchel fall on stage, looks at bag then at Mr. W.*) Look here, yu, du yu see that ere thing down there, well that is full of the darndest putiest things yu ever saw, and if any on 'em is siled or damaged I'll make yu pay for them. Blister my feathers if I don't!

Mr W. Well, sir, who are you?

Elam. Who be I! Guess I be! Who be you?

Mr W. I am landlord of this hotel.

Elam. The very critter I want to see. Perhaps you can accommodate me fur a day or two.

Mr W. No sir, I can't. I am sorry that all my rooms are engaged.

Elam. Wal neow, that is jest what they told me comin' down on the steamboat last night. They promised me a half a bunk along with a fat feller, but he got in ahead of me and then there wa'n't no room left. Now heow du yu suppose I got a bunk on board that boat.

Mr W. Why, how should I know.

Elam. That's so, how should you! But, sir, you couldn't guess if you were to guess till next new moon. But when I was a leavin' hum dad says, says he: "Elam, through all your perigrinations through this earth, allus remember that desprit deseases require desprit remedies." Now how du yu suppose I got a bed aboard that ere boat?

Mr W. I can't say, I'm sure!

Elam. Well, sir, about 12 o'clock—I don't know exactly as I didn't look at my watch—might a been half arter eleven, or a few minutes arter twelve, but call it half arter twelve, I got out into the middle on the cabin floor and I hollered fire like old flugen. Yu'd orter seen those passengers turn out helter skelter, pell mell, one on top o' tother. Well, arter they had all turned out why I turned in, and I should have slep pretty well, tu, if it hadn't been fur the rattlin' of the pots and kettles down in the cellar of the boat. But I see how it is, you wan't a weeks pay in advance, here it is, a new five dollar gold piece.

Mr W. Well, that's brass.

Elam. No, sir, its the genuine spelter. I got it eout uv the bank at Skowhegan jest afore I left hum.

Mr W. Do you know, sir, since I look at you again, that I believe I have seen you before.

Elam. Neow you see me in front. How du yu like it?

Mr W. You came down the river on the steamer last night?

Elam. I believe I was around when that boat started!

Mr W. And do you remember a little conversation we had on board that boat?

Elam. What about, the gal?

Mr W. Yes, about the girl. Now, sir, you must know that she is at present staying in this house, resting for awhile beneath the parental tree, as it were, and if I hear of your ever speaking to her one loving breathing syllable, I'll call you out!

Elam. Call me out!

Mr W. Yes sir, call you out!

Elam. But suppose I don't go out!

Mr W. Then I'll post you around on the street corners as a coward:

Elam. Well, 'squire, I'd hate the darndest of all livin' endurin' things tu be posted 'round as a coward, but ef that ere gal loves me as well as I think she does, it is my intention to court her considerable!

Mr W. (*fuming*) What is that, sir?

Elam. If she likes it as well as I du I'll sit up all fired late with that gal. Roll me into pig-iron if I don't!

Mr W. And do you know, sir, what will follow?

Elam. Marriage, I calculate.

Mr W. (in a passion) We'll see, sir! We'll see! (exit, R)

Elam. Now that old fellers gone off at half-cock. I wonder where that ere gal is, she come down on the same steamboat along o' me last night; and once as I was a passin' by where she sot she dropped her hankerchief, and I stooped down and gin it tu her, and oh! Godfrey's cordial heow I did blush. But these ere gals are all on 'em alike, they lite up a feller with a blaze like a sky rocket and then leave him to wilt down like a cabbage leaf in June. (bell rings outside)

Elam. (picks up his satchel and listens) "Ancient and venerable sound, I love you." That's the grub hammer! (exit, R.)

SCENE II.—Plain interior, table at back, c., chair on each side of table, Mr. W. discovered looking over register.

Mr W. How pleasant it is after being tossed upon the tempestuous billows of this wicked world, to find oneself snug and comfortable at home. I find the clerks have done well, yet they're awful fellows, these hotel clerks. Let me see how my rooms are filled up—

Enter Elam, R. 2 E.

—No. 1, Amanda; No. 2, hired girl; No. 3, Mr. Hodgins and wife; No. 4, Mr. Snodgrass and family; No. 5, stranger; No. 6, ditto; No. 7, ditto; No. 8, ditto.

Elam. (aside) I wonder if all them dittos come down on the steamboat last night. There was a lot uv fellers thet sed they come from Kansas, and I dunno but their names was ditto.

Mr W. Now that is indeed encouraging, to come home and find everything full.

Elam. That's heow landlords usually like tu be—full.

Mr W. I feel so good natured that I think I'll take a little of my old favorite beverage, some gin and sugar. (pours out liquor into glass)

Elam. He's human, any heow!

Mr W. Pshaw, that glass is filthy, dirty, confound the girl!

(sets glass to other side of table, pours out more liquor into second glass)

Elam. 'Tis a little nasty, but I guess I ken worry it down! (Mr. W. is just going to drink when Elam says) Here's luck, old feller!

Mr W. Well, sir, this is what I call pretty thin!

Elam. It is a little thin, I guess. You must hev put some water into it, didn't you?

Mr W. Get out of my house, sir!

Elam. No, sir, your livin' suits me too well!

Mr W. Get out of my house!

Elam. Say, 'squire, hold on a minute. Where do all the people lodge that live in this house?

Mr W. In their beds, I suppose!

Elam. Yes, but where does that gal lodge?

Mr W. That is none of your business, sir! None of your business!

Elam. Maybe it 'ain't, maybe it 'ain't. But as dad says: "You can't tell about that until you've meddled with it a little smudger."

Mr W. Now get out of my house!

Elam. Come, old feller, don't get riled!

Mr W. Come, get out!

Elam. What, git, vambozzle?

Mr W. Yes sir, go!

Elam. I like the way yu du-things tu well tu leave yu yet.

Mr W. Then sir, you'll hear from me. (exit, L.)

THE YANKEE DUELIST.

Elam. He's just about as mad as they make 'em, but if he waits till it freezes he'll cool down. (*takes out letter*) I've been writing the jove firedest love tu that gal as ever was endured in a free country. I wonder which room she sleeps in, it's either No. 1 or No. 2. Well, here goes for No. 2, let the consequences be what they will. I reckon she'll hev tu wilt when she gets that. (*throws letter out, L. 3 E.*)

Enter Amanda, R. 2 E.

Aman. Oh, excuse, me sir!

(*bows, Elam bows two or three times, Amanda answering each*)

Elam. Miss Amanda, I believe? (*bows*)

Aman. And you are Mr. Pancake? (*bows*)

Elam. Elam! Elam! ef you'd jest as liv'.

Aman. I suppose you are waiting to see my uncle! I'll call him.

Elam. Oh, sit deown, sit deown! (*Amanda sits*) Maby since you're here you'd jest as soon have a little spell o' talk along o' me!

Aman. Talk to you?

Elam. Yes, about your uncle. You came deown on the same steamboat along o' me last night?

Aman. Yes, sir, I believe we did.

Elam. Heow did you sleep aboard that ere boat?

Aman. Oh, I slept very well.

Elam. Well, I should tu ef it hadn't been for the bed bugs and cockroaches!

Aman. (*rising*) Well, if that is all you have to say I had better retire!

Elam. Oh, sit deown! sit deown! I ain't half through talking tu yu about your uncle.

Aman. Well, what about my uncle?

Elam. Your uncle says that ef he ever catches me a speakin' tu yu one livin' breathin' syllable he'll call me out!

Aman. But you'll not surely fight with him?

Elam. I don't know I'm considerably agitated when I'm riled. Hev yu any particular regard fur the old critter?

Aman. The old critter! Why of course—is he not my uncle?

Elam. Why so he is, so he is. And when I saw yu two on board the steamboat last night I sed tu a feller who stud nigh me that I'd bet a cookie that yu two was bound together by some tie of consanjinnity. But since yu hev a hankerin' regard fur him I'll shoot him as easy as I can.

Aman. Well, I must go now.

Elam. Miss, there is something else that is a laborin' on the upper part of my disposition which I should like to promulgate?

Aman. Sir?

Elam. Be yu engaged?

Enter Mr. Weatherton, L. U. E.

Aman. Sir?

Elam. Be yu engaged tu be married now or at some future time? Fur I should like to marry yu myself.

Mr. W. (*has open letter in hand*) Sir! I am your humble servant.

Elam. Remain so and I'll give yu seven dollars and a half a week.

Mr. W. And you, miss. Are you not ashamed of yourself?

Aman. No, sir! For he who so breaks into the privacy of a lady, deserves all you shall get—contempt—for so unwarrantable an intrusion. (*exit, R. 2 E.*)

Elam. (*punching Mr. W. in the ribs*) Don't yu feel a little streaked, now?

Mr. W. (*clearing his throat*) Hem! Say, sir, is that your writing?

Elam. (*aside*) By chowder, I slung it into the wrong room. (*aloud*) If anybody asks you tell 'em you don't know.

THE YANKEE DUELIST.

7

Mr W. Answer me catagorically. Did you write that letter?

Elam. Du yu think the feller that writ that could make ten dollars a week over and above his board and washin'?

Mr W. Answer me. Did you write that letter?

Elam. (*looks at letter*) Well that looks—say that “p” has a swingin’ long tail!

Mr W. Hang the ’ps tail. Did you write that letter?

Elam. Well, lookin’ at it as I do, it looks as near like my fist as any-thing I ever saw.

Mr W. Then how dare you write such an epistle to my niece, or in fact any member of my family?

Elam. Land of hope and blessed promise! Hev yu got a family?

Mr W. You shall find out. Remember, you shall hear from me.

(*exit, R. 2 E*)

Elam. That’s right, write occasionally, do. The old feller is on his high horse neow sure enough. But by Jupiter that ere gal has got me fur all I’m worth, and she give the old feller a taste uv her temper before she went out. I guess I’ve got her pretty well gone on me. By jingo, here she comes.

Enter Amanda, L. 2 E.

Aman. Here’s a letter, Mr. Pancake, that my uncle told me to deliver to you immediately.

Elam. A letter for me. (*opens letter*) A challenge.

Aman. A challenge?

Elam. Its a challenge, or I shouldn’t say so. “DEAR SIR—Meet me on the other side of the river at day break. Pistols the weapons.” By gum, I must have a shootin’ article uv some sort. (*to Amanda*) Tell him I shall be on the spot at the given time, armed and equipped according to the twenty-fourth article of war.

Aman. But surely, Mr. Pancake, you don’t intend to fight him, do you?

Elam. Well, Miss Amanda, I know, you see I hev a kind o’ hankerin’ arter yu myself, and neow tu business. Let me see, yu will be worth nigh on tu two thousand dollars when your uncle dies, that is if yu are successful in collectin’ all that is due?

Aman. Yes, sir, somewhere about that sum.

Elam. Well, I’ll be putty well off myself when my aunt Hulda dies. We took an inventory of her stock last year and found that she had two acres of land out in Iowa, besides eighteen dollars in cash on hand, in specie, and enough clothes, with prudent economy, to last her the space of her natural life, that is if it ain’t spun eout too long.

Aman. But to return to our former conversation.

Elam. Oh yes, our former conversation. I’ll go and get the minister and we can do the job up in a trice.

Aman. By our former conversation, I mean that you have a challenge that you got a duel to fight at day break in the morning.

Elam. Oh, that little affair yu mean. I thought that it was the more serious affair of matrimony.

Aman. You will find this serious enough before you get through with it. Here’s my Uncle Billy gone away and left a pair of loaded pistols on the parlor table.

Elam. The dangerous man, and little children a playing ’round jest as like as not.

Aman. But, Mr. Pancake, consider my feelings, remember my love—

Elam. Oh! well since yu love me as yu say yu du—

Aman. Sir!

Elam. Since it seems that I hev at last animated the muscles of your bosom toward me, which vibrates sympathetically atween us—

Aman. But sir, you don’t understand me. I mean—

THE YANKEE DUELIST.

Elam. Oh, ef yu hev been a jestin with me I'll blow the old feller into the land of Nod. Intu the land of Nod he lies.

Aman. But, sir, I was thinking how you could compromise the matter before you fight. He might ask your pardon, or you might ask his—

Elam. I ask his pardon? Yu don't know what you are talkin' about. It is a wonder, at such an epithet as that, that all the old dead and buried Pancakes of the last century and a half don't rize up from their graves and say: "Elam! Elam! what are yu abeout?"

Aman. Well then, why not go and withdraw the bullets out of the pistols and save one or both of you from a terrible death.

Elam. That is putty good fer one uv yuer size. But wouldn't that be what is called backin' out?

Aman. No, not at all.

Elam. Well neow, heow would it be fur yu tu go and take eout them bullets. If I should be caught in there, they might think that I was a trying to steal something.

Aman. Very well, I'll do it!

(*goes towards L. U. E.*)

Elam. Hold on! What if yu were a little in favor uv savin' the old man and lettin' me flicker, and yu left one uv them bullets in—

Aman. Not for the world.

(*exit, L. U. E.*)

Elam. I'll trust her if I get blowed sky-high in a minute.

Enter Mr. Weatherston, R. U. E.

Mr W. Now, sir, take your choice.

(*presents two pistols*)

Elam. Them's pistols, ain't they?

Mr W. Take your choice, sir!

Elam. Say, yu, is that silver on that un or only sham?

(*takes pistol*)

Mr W. Now take your ground!

Elam. Don't snarl or you'll take yourn.

Mr W. Now how shall we arrange this affair?

Elam. Any way that suits yu, so long as there is no danger in it.

Mr W. Oh, I have it! You stand with your back to mine, at the center here, then walk three paces, wheel and fire.

Elam. I stand to your back, march three paces, wheel and fire?

Mr W. Yes. Are you ready?

Mr. W. stands facing L. U. E., Elam gets behind him, facing same way close to him.

Elam. Turn on your axis?

Mr W. (*counting*) One, two, three! (*turns around, Elam holds pistol close to his face*) What are you about?

Elam. I'm abeout to shoot!

Mr W. Not that way, you must go the other way. Now ready!

They come to c., Elam has his back to Mr. W., but follows him backwards as he moves to L. U. E.

Elam. Open your flues and let her sliver.

Mr W. (*counting*) One, two, three! (*both turn at the same time, Elam has pistol close to his face*) What are yu at?

Elam. I'm at yu again!

Mr W. (*points R. l E.*) March that way and count as you go. Now ready. (*they come to c., Mr. W. facing L. U. E., Elam facing R. l E.*)

Elam. Go on with your rat killin'.

Mr W. (*counting*) One, two, three!

Elam walks off, R. l E., Mr. W. rushes after him and brings him back by coat collar.

Elam. I counted nine, and would hev made it fifty ef yu hadn't stop-ped me!

Mr W. I see this must be arranged some other way. How shall we do it?

Elam. See here, 'squire, you seem mighty anxious. You stand up there—(*points L. U. E.*)—and I'll stand here. (*R. L. E.*) When I say three let her sliver, but don't let her sliver before I say three or off goes your bellfry. Now, one, two! (*aside*) This is getting warm. (*beckons*) Say, 'squire, see here? (*Mr. W. comes down to him, he crosses feet and leans on Mr. W's. shoulder*) Elder Peck observed in his afternoon discourse on last Sabberday that it was the worst thing in nature tu—

Mr W. (*jerks away from him*) Darn Elder Peck. Take your place!

Elam. Yu darn Elder Peck, du yu. Whoever darns Elder Peck gets shot! One, two, two and half. (*aside*) Thermometer is risin'. (*aloud*) Say, 'squire, hev yu settled all yuer little accounts, made yuer will and so forth?

Mr W. Will you give the signal, or have me commit murder?

Elam. If there's a bullet in his pistol I'm a dead man. Farewell to Mary Blain. Ready, one, two, three! (*Mr. W. shoots, Elam drops pistol and slaps himself all over body, finally lays hands over his heart and looks at audience*) Right through the gizzard, I swow. (*brushes off stage c., with handkerchief*) Say, old feller, if yu have killed me I'll lick you till yu can't stand. (*lays down*) Write a letter down tu our folks and tell them that I went off kinder percussion like. (*lays still*)

Enter Amanda, R. 2 E.

Aman. Oh, uncle, what have you done?

Mr W. (*R. H.*) I done something I'm sure I'll regret till the latest day of my life.

Aman. You have indeed. For you have killed the only man I ever loved. (*Elam groans*)

Mr W. You loved him then?

Aman. To be sure I did. (*Elam groans*)

Mr W. And you would have married him?

Aman. Of course I would. (*cries—Elam groans very loud*)

Mr W. Then I would give half my fortune and your hand if I could bring that dead Yankee back to life!

Elam. (*jumping up*) I take you, by chowder!

Mr W. Alive?

Elam. Yes, alive and kicking. And you can't back eout?

Mr W. No, sir, I have no desire to. Take her, she is yours!

Elam. Throw yourself under my protection and yu'll not regret it till the latest day of your life, that yu've made a pancake of yourself.

—CURTAIN.—

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

An entirely new and original Nautical and Temperance Drama, by the Amateur's favorite author, W. Henri Wilkins, entitled

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, OR WRECKED IN PORT.

There is no doubt but Mr. Wilkins is at this time the most popular writer of plays for Amateur Dramatic Companies in the United States, if not in the world. He is the author of *Rock Allen the Orphan*, *Three Glasses a Day*, *The Reward of Crime*, *Mother's Fool*, *The Coming Man*, etc., all of which have been produced by nearly all amateur companies in the United States and Canada. We take much pleasure in presenting now his latest and best drama as above, knowing that it will invariably suit all who purchase it. The characters embrace an old man, 1st. and 2d leading man, villain, two ruffians, and a 'nigger' who is very funny. Those who have produced *'Out in the Streets'* will find *'Pepper'* in this play, fully as funny as *'Pete'* in that. Female characters are a fault-finding old woman, leading, juvenile, and a splendid comedy. The plot is simple, and yet very effective. The serious portions are balanced by the comedy ones, indeed it is the drama Amateurs want. See synopsis below. Price 15c each. Send one cent postage stamps if possible, or 2c and 3c.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisby's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for claims—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky believes herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werry curus" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is "sturred."—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"Wait For The Turn Of The Tide."

AMES' PLAYS,-CONTINUED.

NO.		M. P.
46	Man and Wife, drama, 5 acts, by H. A. Warner 12	7
91	Michael, comedy, 4 acts, by H. A. Warner 7	1
26	Miller, farce, 1 act, by H. A. Warner 1	1
35	Milk and Honey, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	1
34	Milk and Honey, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	1
69	Milk and Honey, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	1
1	Mr. & Mrs. B. comedy, 1 act, by H. A. Warner 1	1
23	My Heart's Content, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	2
32	My Wife, farce, 1 act, by H. A. Warner 4	4
99	Nathan, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
61	Nathan, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	0
37	Nathan, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
44	Obelisk, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
81	Old Time, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
33	Out of the Street, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	2
109	Out of the Street, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 2	2
85	Out of the Street, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
83	Out of the Street, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	4
53	Out of the Street, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	4
57	Party, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	2
29	Painter of the People, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 2	2
114	Passion, comedy, 4 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	4
18	Poacher's Den, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
51	Respect, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
110	Reverses, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 12	6
36	Rock Away, the upstart, drama, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 5	3
95	Rooms to Let, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
59	Saved, ten years, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
48	Schnaps, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
107	School and pen, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 5	0
115	S. H. A. M. T. comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
55	Somebody's Nephew, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 2	2
94	Sixteen, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 0	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 0	0
79	Spy of America, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	3
92	Stage Struck, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
10	Stocks Up, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 0	0
62	Ten Nights in a Room, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
64	That Boy, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
40	That Mystery, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 2	2
38	The Bachelor, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 5	2
87	The Better Battle, comedy, 2 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
101	The Coming Man, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
67	The False Friend, comedy, 2 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	1
97	The Fatal Bow, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 1	1
93	The German, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	4
112	The New Magistrate, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
71	The Reward, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
16	The Sert, tragedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 3	3
68	The Sham Princess, comedy, 1 act, by H. A. Warner 4	4
6	The Soldier, comedy, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 0	0
102	Turn of the Tide, temporary, 3 acts, by H. A. Warner 4	4
54	The Two T. J.'s, farce, 1 act, by H. A. Warner 4	2



Catalogue continued on last page of volume.



